

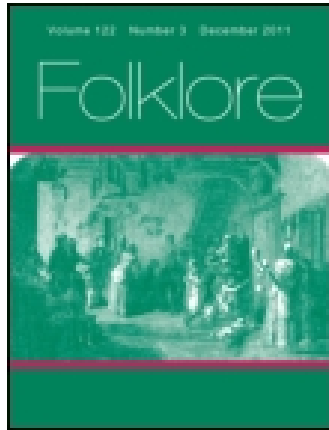
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E. Adams

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TWO CORICIAN LEGENDS.

A CURIOUS legend attaches itself to a hollow rock by the shore of Lac Nino in Corsica. Tradition states that the Devil was excavating the Corsican valleys. St. Martin rallied him on his crooked ways in general, and his furrows in particular. In his rage the Devil thrashed the oxen, causing them to bolt. Mad with passion, he then threw a rock into the air, which, piercing the mountain, fell on to the shore beneath. This is now pointed out to the traveller and sight-seer as the work of the Evil One.

On the road to Bastia in Corsica there exists a rude but wonderful bridge of rock fashioned by Nature's own handiwork. This bridge has originated a curious legend. It is said that one wintry night a horseman galloped furiously up to the ford; but in the wild and biting winds the water lashed too high. He was quite unable to cross. It was necessary for him to hasten, for his brother was to be executed in the morning and he was on his way to prove his brother's innocence. He sat down by the river wondering what course to take, when, to his intense astonishment, a beautiful woman appeared before him, and he confided his troubles to her. Just as she promised to find a way to help the horseman, Satan suddenly appeared, and entering into the compact he struck a bargain with the woman. Between them it was agreed that if the Devil completed a bridge across the river before the cock crew he was to possess her soul. All in a moment myriads of little goblins appearing from nowhere swarmed about, hewing, carrying, and placing the stones to form the bridge. Before daybreak the work was completed, and just as the horseman was preparing to resume his journey the Devil suddenly appeared again, demanding the fulfilment of the compact. The woman replied that the builder should sign his name to his work before he calls it finished. Satan turned to do so; and whilst busily employed in carving his name on the bridge, the woman flew to the nearest fowl-roost, and clutching the first rooster she could find, gave it such a shaking that it and the whole brood heralded the approach of day even before the dawn: and thus the Devil was worsted.

E. ADAMS.

15 Vicarage Gate, Kensington, S.W.